

SS IDEOLOGY

Translated from Original
SS Publications



Vol. 4

SS IDEOLOGY

Vol. 4

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Introduction

SS IDEOLOGY Vol. 4 continues in the same tradition as the first three volumes. It is translated directly from original SS publications, which were published *by* the SS and *for* the SS.

The objective is an accurate view of how the SS actually viewed and presented itself as opposed to the typical Hollywood propaganda treatment.

Per my custom, "Volk" has been rendered "folk", and "Reich" and "Führer" have been retained.

Karl Hammer
January 1994

Many Things

Many things can be forgiven in this world, so we teach the SS man, but one thing can never be forgiven: disloyalty. He who breaks loyalty, excludes himself from our society.

This is so, because loyalty is a function of the heart, not of the head. The head may err, and this is sometimes damaging, but it is never beyond repair. The heart, on the other hand, is required to always beat the same rhythm, and when it stops, a man dies in the same way that a people dies, - when it breaks loyalty.

We are speaking here of loyalty of every kind: loyalty to the Führer and therefore to the German and Germanic people, and to their wisdom and their ways; loyalty to the blood, hence to our ancestors, uncles, and to our clan or ethnicity; loyalty to our comrades; and finally loyalty to the unchanging laws of good breeding, - of cleanliness and chivalry.

A man sins against loyalty and honor not only then when he passively permits his own or the Schutzstaffel's honor to be compromised, but above all then, when he fails to respect the honor of others, when he derides things that others hold sacred, or when he unmanfully and indecently fails to come to the defense of the weak, the helpless, and those not present to defend themselves.

- the Reichsführer-SS

From: SS Lethet, January 15, 1941

Turn of Season, Turn of Fate

"Flame burns to flame, until it burns out,
Fire receives life as a fire-seed -
Man, too, passes on the spark.
The folk-flame never goes out."

from the Eddas

For millions and millions of years our planet has been orbiting around the sun, around the mother of all life on our earth.

But only through the seeing, seeking and understanding spirit of Nordic man did the noble, eternal order of the solar system enter the consciousness of humanity.

In the summer and winter solstices they recognized the merciless law of "die and become", and affirmed it with defiant acceptance.

Sundays were their fest days, but solstice was holy to them. In the nights of the summer solstice they ignited fires on the heights as a sign of the life-will and creative-will opposed to the forces of night and death.

For their winter solstice - with the constantly returning light - was a symbol of the eternity of struggling life.

So they ordered their life within the framework of the godly order. In this faith they wore the sun-sign, the swastika, as their holy symbol.

With this faith and under this sign, the Indo-Germanic people entered into the light of history 5,000 years ago.

Wherever they went on their far journeys, chaos retreated before order, the land blossomed, and fruitfulness and harvest blessed their path.

Whether they penetrated into the far steps of southern Russia as torch-bearers of human order or formed states in Asia, whether they sang the most beautiful songs for the light as Aryans Persians, or as Hellenes lit the Olympic fire, whether they celebrated the festival of the invincible sun in the Roman senate and from here created a world-wide empire: where their fires burned there was a turn of fate from dark night into clear day.

"Man, too, passes on the spark. The folk-flame never goes out."



Young folks carried on the ancient custom of the solstice fire along their path, generation after generation, as bearers of holy order and of the light of culture.

The Germanic people enter history.

Cimbrians and Teutons, Vandals and Swabians, and many other Germanic tribes introduce a new, shining era during the time of the acquisition of new land.

In a struggle of well over a thousand years, the building Germanic man struggles against disorder and against the forces of destruction in Europe.

His native peasant-strength creates out of swamp and primeval forest the richness of Europe's fields. From the spiritual strength of the creative Germanic man springs above all the height of European culture. But only the heroic greatness of Germanic warriorhood defends Europe's life-community in the decisive battles against the constantly attacking nomadic folk-masses of Near and Central Asia.

Loyal to this fateful tradition, the strongest and most unified field of force of Nordic-Germanic humanity, *the Reich*, today leads the merciless fight of existence for Europe's life.

Under the strong leadership of the Duce, Italy covers the southern flank of the continent in stubborn battle; for today the forces of darkness have again stood up against the bearers of the culture-will of humanity.

Struck with blindness, the Anglo-Saxon plutocracy by its dance around the Golden Calf betrays the honor of its own Germanic blood.

Corrupted by the poison of Jewish Bolshevism, masses of millions of Sowjets fight a bitter battle for a world revolution, for the revolt of the inferior.

With the severity of the laws of nature, the power of light is called to the decision against the terrors of eternal night.

*Day or night -
Life or death -*

With blazing flames did our ancestors affirm the power of light, and life.

And blaze, too, should the flames of us, their descendants.

From: *Germanische Leitfichte*, volume 1, issue 2, 1941

Summer Solistice 1941 !

Never before in history has such a massive military force assembled at the solistice for the fateful battle as in the clear night of June 21/22, 1941.

Holy seriousness gripped all who recognized what it was about: existence or nonexistence of Aryan blood and hence of European culture itself. From the Arctic Sea to the Black Sea, the columns of the German and its allied armies smashed into the enemy masses. The horrible picture of the mortal danger which threatened the folk of Europe became visible:

Enormous hostile masses in countless Soviet armies, with a gigantic arsenal of weapons, were ready for the lunge into Europe's heartlands, when the blows of the German armed forces struck them.

After the first victorious battles of Bialystok and Minsk, of Salla, Smolensk and in the Ukraine were fought, the shocking knowledge was clear that the world had never before seen such a thing.

What had been massed against the Reich and Europe was an enormous gang of bloodthirsty and inferior - but stubborn - creatures.

If the Huns and horseman of Ghenghis Khan were the scourge of humanity which swept across Europe, then in *this* struggle Europe's heroic youth looked into the inhuman gaze of a *systematically brutalized and animalized monstrosity*:

Russia, you good and beautiful land, in such hands!

Four times in history was the attempt made to integrate this large country into the sphere of European culture.

The first culture-bringers were the Indo-Germanic people. Their creative working is attested even today by their Nordic building (stone mounds), and they survive in their burial mounds as an eternal monument.

But their strength was not sufficient to settle down the wild folk-masses in the enormous space.

Thousands of years later, in the second century B.C., new messengers of European morality and culture penetrated into the area between Dniester and Dnieper.

They were Germanic people from the folk-family of the Goths.

Again the Germanic landholders and warriors conquered the unculture of the wide land. In an effort of many centuries they expanded the great empire of the Goths from the Baltic Sea to the shores of the Black and Caspian Seas, with its widely dispersed, independent centers of settlement.

The land seemed to have been won for the European life-community.

In this period, however, the race-mixing in the Roman world empire had already taken on threatening forms.

And again, the Germanic people were not numerically strong enough - and not sufficiently conscious of the possibilities of their combined strength - to simultaneously advance against Rome and to cover their eastern flank against Asia's folk-masses.

So this Gothic empire fell victim to the assault of the Huns in the fourth century.

Night and deep silence again fell over this wide land.

Centuries passed.

Then, however, the Nordic fire-spirit drove new tribes to significant creation.

Even before the end of the time of the great, Germanic acquisition of new land, around 860, Vikings from the north penetrated into the unredempted land and created a Viking state.

Nowgorod and Kiev became the capitals of this empire and economic centers of the greatest importance. The fields again bore fruit, agriculture and trade flourished.

The rich lands of the east and Near Asia, and the European lands, complemented themselves in intense trade in this natural living space.

However, a new storm of destruction was brewing in the distant gray of the wide steps of Asia:

Ghenghis Khan expanded his mighty Mongolian empire from the Pacific Ocean to Silesia. In 1224 Kiev was conquered. And when his armies marched toward the south and west, the light of this promising creation of the Vikings was extinguished.

The remnants of its blood were absorbed into the Slavic population.

Centuries long the land again slept in the twilight of culturelessness.

Around 1700 the Russian nobleman and later Czar, Peter the Great, made the attempt to rule Russia in European fashion. But with the numerically much too small creative forces of the Germans from the Baltic and also from Sweden it was, of course, in the long run impossible to give this giant country a firm leader

ship strata.

The attempt lasted two centuries. But this state remained a dead facade. Behind it was hidden the formlessness of dozens of ethnic groups, which had been scrambled together in a colorful mixture during the folk wanderings from Asia toward Europe.

This folk-mixture, afflicted with the wildness of the steppes, was throughout its history torn between culture and culturelessness, between discipline and undiscipline, and between humble piety and godlessness. That was the appropriate murder weapon for the eternal Jew against Europe's Aryan-Nordic humanity.

As a result of the blood sacrifice of the Russian ruling strata in the World War, the path for subhumanity and the Jews was open, and so Bolshevism could triumph in 1917.

The remaining Nordic blood was butchered and the beginnings of European culture eliminated.

Many millions of people fell victim to this Jewish-Bolshevik Fuel intoxication.

What then happened in Russia can only be illustrated with an actual example:

Our house pets emerged - more or less many generations ago - from wild animals by means of breeding measures.

If one lets them again become wild for several generations, or puts them in bad hands, they will in their wildness become even more torn and strange than they were in their natural wildness.

According to this principle, under Jewish leadership the Russian folks were intentionally whipped into the wildness of packs.

This was envisioned by the devilish demon of Jewry: a mighty pack of millions of Asiatic *made wild* should tear apart Europe's folks.

Only in a senseless world, deprived of Nordic-Germanic people, did Juda believe it possible to achieve his dark world mastery.

We have examples in the most recent time from the raped border states of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia.

Starting in June 1940 the Soviets not only wiped out the entire Aryan ruling strata, murdering tens of thousands in the process, but in Lithuania and White Russia it also began, *directly on the border of the German Reich*, to settle Kirghiz, Kalmycks, Tartars and members of other nomadic tribes.

Europe was supposed to become nomadized, and its rich cultural landscape would, after a plundering assault, become a wilderness devoid of people.

More faithfully than ever before, Europe again stood before the

old task of fighting back the forces of destruction.

Just as the folks of Europe during the great historical decisions of the past stood, under the leadership of Germanic men, determined to defend against the common enemy, so march in these days, too, the best portion of Europe's youth at the side of the Reich toward victory and a turn of fate.

Never before in history have the Germanic people possessed such a great leader as we today have the good fortune.

The goal of this struggle, however, is the final overcoming of the eternal danger from the east.

What the Indo-Germanic people, the Goths and Vikings could not achieve in the long run, that must now be brought to a decision and secured for all time.

More than a thousand years ago the Vikings created their orderly empire in the area around Novgorod and Kiev, heroically and on their own.

In the same area fights today - with the same bravery and in the framework of the German armed forces - a Germanic division, which bears the name Viking with pride, for a European turn of fate.

* * * * *

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of the Church of England, said in December 1936:

"I warn against the danger of godlessness. It is only too well known that in the Soviet Union a large human community is being devoured by an aggressive godlessness and by the anti-Christian teachings of class warfare. One must be alert in order to prevent this spirit from also penetrating the English folk".

And at the end of July, 1941:

"Mourning the sacrifice, I am deeply moved by the splendid bravery and strength of the Russian folk, which holds high the flag of civilization in the struggle against fascism. I am convinced of your eventual victory."

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 2, 1941

A Father's Request

An SS office received the following letter from the father of a seriously wounded Dutch SS man:

"Middelburg, September 24, 1941"

"I hereby confirm receipt of - and thank you for - your letter of the 15th of this month. I can inform you that I have received a letter from my son in which he informed me that his left eye has been so damaged that he can no longer see with it.

"He is, however, cheerful and merry. Again and again I read in his letters that the price, which he has paid for his Führer, is not too high. But I do notice in his letters *one* fear and *one* request: the fear of being declared unfit for duty. His wish is to continue to fight for Europe's regeneration.

My son Hans has only *one* wish: not to be discharged, but to continue to do his duty somewhere as a *soldier*.

Our wish would be to have Hans here on leave for a short time. The way our Hans is cut out, the worst thing that could happen to him would be to be discharged as unfit for duty. Therefore, I request you to do everything in order to prevent that."

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 3, 1941



Soldier Figure in the Tannenberg Memorial - Bernhard Bleeker

From A Corp's Order of the Day

After one of the fierce battles on the northeastern front of Jelaj, the group *Fürst* of the 1./SS motorcycle battalion - which had the mission to guard the company's left flank - was found as follows:

The group leader, SS-Unterscharführer *Förster*, with his hand on the detonation ring of the last hand grenade, shot in the head.

First rifleman, SS-Rottenführer *Klatber*, with the machine gun still at his shoulder and a round in the barrel, shot in the head.

Second rifleman, SS-Sturmmann *Buschner*, and third rifleman, SS-Schütze *Schyma*, dead in their fox-holes.

The solo messenger, SS-Sturmmann *Oldeboershuls*, kneeling dead at his machine with his hand on the steering wheel, fallen in the moment when he was supposed to take the final message.

The driver, SS-Sturmmann *Schwenk*, dead in his fox-hole.

Of the enemy, one only saw dead - lying in a half circle around the group's position - within hand grenade range.

An example of the concept of "defense"! In reverence we stand before such heroism!

I have proposed that these names be published on the honor page of the German army.

- THE COMMANDING GENERAL

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 3, 1941

The Leader of the Danish National Socialist Workers' Party: Under Adolf Hitler's Leadership

by Prits Clausen

When the peace bells rang after the first great war, the powerful drive for life, which had been held back so many years by the war, again awoke in the folks.

Now everything that had been missed because of the war was supposed to be made up for, now everything that it had destroyed was supposed to be rebuilt. A happy future should enable the memory of its horrors to be forgotten, and a joyous affirmation of life should dry the tears of suffering. But it seemed as if - together with the many brave and capable men, whom the war had swept away, and with the many strong women, whom it had broken - all the strength that should have formed this future had also perished.

The youth, who had dreamed of being allowed to show their strength, now instead had to experience the misery of unemployment. The men who strove to expand home and workplace had to recognize that employment and wage had already been mortgaged, and that they themselves had to pay that mortgage. The old and sickly, who had hoped for the support and help of the youth and of the strong men, had to beg in order to stave off deprivation and need.

The bloodletting of the war was continued in bloody revolts and fighting, in which countryman stood against countryman. New hatred and new hostility grew among the people. The denying and destroying forces, which had made themselves masters during the war, did not lose their mastery even after its end.

The dream of happiness changed into a restless hunt for profit. The yearning for a mighty future had to make way for the demands of the day. An unfeeling, life-denying money-power had put a stranglehold on the people and created out of life-affirmation life-weariness, so that a constantly growing number of people voluntarily ended their life. The unfeeling money-power

bred a likewise unfeeling and life-denying generation, which - instead of fixing their gaze across the deep sea of eternity and endlessness - fixed it on the worldly finite and earth-bound, and hence broke the bridge that bound them, through the eternal *chain of generations, with eternity.*

With blind frivolity and in irresponsible indifference, the folks of Europe approached their decline and annihilation. That did not only happen in those countries which had participated in the bloody conflict, it not only occurred among the folks who had been defeated, rather also among those who had not participated in the struggle at all.

The responsible heads of state and leading politicians did not want to see and break with a development in which the denying and destroying forces everywhere possessed the dominant influence. They faced all the anti-life and subversive effects without feeling or action.

The rulers only strove to give the impression of their own indispensability by participating in the many international congresses and conferences which marked the postwar period, or by visiting the many useless parliamentary negotiations. And while these parliamentary negotiations were still in process, the denying forces made themselves the unlimited masters in one of the largest and richest countries in the world. Over mountains of corpses and indescribable misery, they made into reality the words of Friedrich Engels, that "general destruction is the first prerequisite for the world revolution".

From the empire whose basic form had once been created by the Nordic Viking spirit, they again and again declared as their goal their desire to extinguish and destroy all that this spirit and the other formative forces of the world had created. From here they directed the growth of the communist parties of all countries, which, as they themselves informed the world during their world congress in the year 1928, were only sections of a great, world-encompassing communist party.

Here they organized the Red Army, whose task it was to violently wipe out the uniqueness of the folks, and everything which had been created in the way of values by this uniqueness in the various countries.

And one even received their messengers in these countries, and one enabled heads of state to shake the hands of these messengers, which were still red with the blood of the nearest relatives of these heads of state.

But just as Europe's leading men faced this development,

blinded and irresponsible, so did forces arise in all countries which rebelled against them. Many of the names of those who tried to change this development have been forgotten, and many were never known; for their attempts to fight off the destruction became stranded too early or took false paths.

So was final victory denied to the victorious German free corps, because the then democratic-socialist Reich government - giving in to the pressure of the world democracies - forced them to abandon their fight.

A mighty resistance arose in Italy, where the corporal Benito Mussolini, who had been severely wounded in the world war, built up the fascist movement for the fight against the collapse.

At a time when the communist R  ic Republic had already been declared in southern Germany and Hungary and Soviet rule appeared to have been fully secured in Russia, he assembled his fascist battle formations and led them to Rome, where he was named Minister-President of Italy by the king. During the reconstruction of a strong and energetic state-power, Mussolini was able to gather in his folk from the many parties and chasms which had torn it apart. His goal was to again awaken the strong, state-building forces of the great ancient Rome. He saw the collaboration between world capital and Marxism and its effects in the great secret lodges of freemasonry.

In Germany, Adolf Hitler fought against the same enemies and their common Jewish source. He proceeded from the idea that the life-content of the folk must be regenerated.

He gave the German folk the task of reflecting on its original strength.

He awakened this strength in a society whose major strengths had already been deeply buried by the forces of subversion... in a folk in which everyone already stood against everyone else... in a state whose foundations had already been shaken by an imminent communist revolution. The folk-strength newly awakened by him was so strong that it not only beat down the subversive forces in his own folk, rather it could also annihilate them everywhere where they threatened Germany and Europe from other countries.

When General Franco called awake these forces in the Spanish folk in the year 1936 in order to halt the communist destruction and red murder which plagued the land, it was Adolf Hitler's Condor Legion which, together with Spanish and Italian allies, could secure victory. Adolf Hitler did not only awaken his folk to become conscious of the necessity of a solution to the many

demands of the time; he led it to a recognition of the eternal demands of life. He again awakened in his folk the dream and yearning to strive out across time and space; he awoke the will to give form to this life-view inside of time and space. He knew how closely man is bound to his clan, and how the certainty lies precisely here to be able to build a bridge into the future. He knew that this recognition of the great miracle of blood-relation and heredity leads to insight into that godly law which determines life and that is the highest expression of every human community.

Through this recognition Adolf Hitler's calling has grown far beyond a merely German mission; he is far more than only the protector of European lands in the general sense. He is the great discoverer and architect of the European folk, and not least of all of those folks whose close relation by blood to his own folk he himself has so often strongly stressed.

So his mission is also valid for Denmark. The development in Denmark does not vary in the least from the one in the other European countries, and if Denmark belongs to those countries which during the First World War made money, so was the postwar period here, too, given its stamp by unemployment, economic crises with their bankruptcies and forced auctions, social need, growing crime and suicide, and a declining birthrate.

In this country, too, did one try to dam this development. One tried to change the laws in that one set up new political parties, whose goals and paths, however, have been forgotten; one tried to break the old parties; but the men who undertook this died in poverty and unforgotten.

One created movements and prepared massive transformations of state, without being able, however, to eliminate the decaying and destroying forces, and without being able to prevent that the same destruction befall Denmark that had been planned for the European folk, if Adolf Hitler had not beaten these forces down.

If Denmark, however, again experienced a national awaking, then it is not to be ascribed solely to the external defense, - which Adolf Hitler has created for us, too, against the forces of destruction -, rather to his great mission to show our folk, too, the path to the collection of its original values.

He is for our time, too, the only conceivable force which can form an Od  n figure in Denmark out of Ymir's dead body, so that both, spirit and will, can find a common expression in an available figure. He has not only shown us Danes the path back to the sublime life-view of the heroic era, rather he has led our youth to

a new struggle against the world enemy on that war theatre where we were once given our national symbol, the Danebrog, by the mighty forces of heaven. He also awakened the faith in us that once again beautiful works of art and architecture may emerge similar to those which still attest to the striving of our folk across space and to its dream across time - in contrast to those life-denying and dead monstrosities produced in our empty time.

Through his great life-effort alone can we Danes again reach that straight, joyous and active life here on earth of which Grundtvig sings, and again walk in the upright stride of our noble fathers, again live with the same value in castle and hut, and again see with eyes which were created to gaze skyward, awake for everything beautiful and great down here, and nonetheless intimate with deep yearning and filled with the splendour of eternity.

* * * * *

The great Norwegian poet Henrik Ibsen wrote to his friend, the Schleswig-Holstein writer Strudmann, about the inner bond of Scandinavia with the newly arisen German Reich:

"I view Scandinavian humanity only as an intermediate stage toward a union of the entire, great Germanic tribe.

"If I thought that we would, after all, stand still with an isolated Scandinavian society, then I would never again put my pen to ink to promote this thing."

From: *Germanische Leitzefte*, volume 1, issue 2, 1941

Germanic Yearning

In every genuine, Germanic man the old Viking yearning is still alive today; the searching for the great adventure of life, the struggle for the sake of struggle. This desire for adventure drives the Germanic man to steer the ship of his life into the heights of dangerous existence in order to there challenge so-called fate to a duel. In the struggle with fate the heart proves how strong it is, and the soul of the warrior who has gone off to battle how much it is of Nordic blood.

One's own heart, to find one's own soul is hence the final purpose of this Germanic yearning. That which we bring back home from the journey into the great adventure is what we still today in our language call - experience!

One who has never set off into the great war of the earth will hence never come into possession of that experience which makes one more clever, more mature, and more strong. That is why Nordic man despises the "man behind the stove" who clings to a woman's skirt and who can never "return from far away".

Genuine desire for adventure is not to be confused with desire for booty. The true warrior does not desecrate his heart for the sake of booty: To the victor fall of course the possessions of the defeated!

In the heroic songs of our Nordic race, so men are celebrated as examples of courageous life who achieve esteem on the basis of their possessions, rather precisely those who, with unconcern, risked the leap into the unknown, who took up battle, and who were able to weigh their heart.

The bearing with which they gave the decisive sword blow or - if they met a superior foe - received it, alone was worthy of interest.

The greatness of a man's heart was proven in defiance, in rebellious "Nonetheless" against the environment. And whoever was able to put the stamp of his will on this environment, even if in death, was a "hero". This idea enabled Beethoven, at a time when deafness (the worst fate for a musician!) befall him more and more, to speak the rebellious and proud words:

I want to reach into fate's jaws!

The man who fights back, who dares to rebel against a condition which seeks to bend or break him, is master, not creation, of his fate.

The Germanic yearning for trial has given birth to the creative

desire for adventure, from which the Vikings undertook their - not destructive, but quite the opposite, culture-bringing and state-creating - war expeditions.

In the struggle for knowledge the Germanic researchers and discoverers, artists and scholars have created their magnificent works, without which there would today be no culture, no community life, no civilization.

The man of the North is driven to deed in order to prove his being, in order to develop his strengths. In this sense does he win his "eternity". For, so is it written in the Edda, "eternal alone are the famous deeds of the dead"! Without trial there is no possibility for a deed that proves value. Without dangerous effort no confirmation of the genuineness of the beckoning yearning!

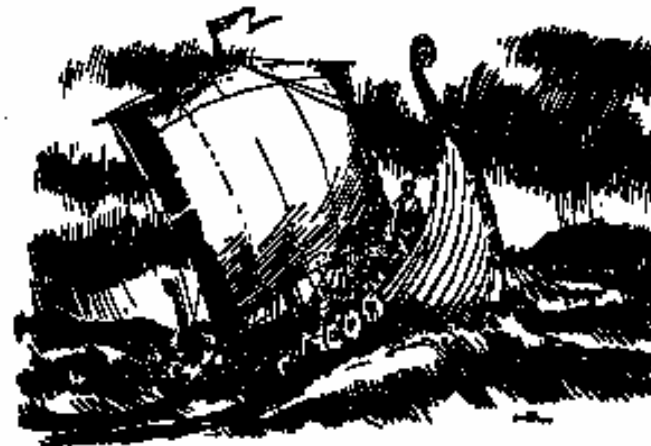
Whoever becomes an example to his comrades through a confirming deed, lives in their memory, remains unforgotten, possesses fame of deed and is hence "eternal". The Germanic yearning climaxes in the demand for an "eternity" in this world, which is bound to the fate of the race. The Nordic man can only fight for his race, and in this race fight, love, die and be eternal. Every adventure, every readiness for war, every risk only has meaning if it serves the development of strength of the race, and hence in the final analysis pursues the purpose of becoming fruitful. That is the positive meaning of the creative, Germanic restlessness.

There is also the instinctual, destructive restlessness of the nomads, a desire for adventure which possesses no creative strengths: we find such booty-hunters among the Orientals, primarily among the Jews. We despise them because of the proud self-consciousness of our race, which wields the sword in order to accomplish tasks.

This war has presented us Germanic men with great creative tasks. In front of us lies Europe, which must be liberated from its division, from its "magical sleep" - into which it has been sunk by occult, international powers - if it is to become a new homeland for us.

We laugh with disgust at the misunderstanding of the people stuck in yesterday, who are unable to comprehend the meaning of this struggle, and who perhaps wish to view us as "lunatics".

We know that we are strong in our faith that we are of the coming time, that tomorrow and the day after will belong to us, that the future is ours. We want no mercy, rather justice! That is why we have become the soldiers of the Führer, who undertakes Europe's New Order from the viewpoint of the right of the young folks.



Among our ancestors it was already held to be an honor to be allowed to fight under a heroic leader. We are happy, not only to be allowed to live in a time which is characterized by the greatest heroic uprising of Germanic men, but to be the soldiers of the Führer who has given the sword to Germanic yearning.

What was yesterday still a dream, has today become reality. If yesterday we still yearned for trial and passionate deed, then today the Führer has given us the historic hour of trial. We know that the coming Europe will be as strong as the Germanic will to power, awakened by the Führer, remains alive and awake.

And it is up to us to again and again cause our yearnings, our desire for adventure, our readiness and our confirmation to flow into the struggle for the life-right of our race.

From: *Germanische Lethäfte*, volume 1, issue 3, 1941

AUD A Germanic Mistress

Now Aud Vestelstochoer became the wife at Bithl and overtook the farm together with Asgerd. Sixty head of cattle stood in the stall. It did not take long before the people noticed that, of all the Icelandic women, she was surely the first when it came to care and capability. From her behavior one could recognize her cleverness and her industriousness, and her experience in many things.

But it was also shown that she never became arrogant. Above all other women, she was just and friendly toward her subordinates, and she was also generous.

Gisti Thorbjornsson often smiled unconsciously when he saw Aud at her work; he became warm and happy with the idea that she had become his wife. His marriage with her was a calm, warm life together, a mutual caring and creating for the strengthening of the clan.

Outwardly, one did not notice much of this deep bond; for Gisti and Aud were both sparing and reserved in their expressions of feeling, just as they had learned from their ancestors according to genuine Germanic manner.

"Putting hands on the lap means putting them in the wrong place!", Aud often said as she laughed at her young maids. And the young maids blushed if Aud caught them dreaming, and then they worked with double enthusiasm. At first this one or that one probably grumbled, but the grumbling soon stopped.

How could one not also work, when the wife herself set such a good example.

Aud arose long before daybreak to prepare curd and to bake bread.

There were many fellow lodgers at Bithl; all wanted to become full.

And how well did Aud Vestelstochoer know how to prepare food!

The little kitchen maid Hrefna willingly helped her.

Other chores came after the early work.

When the men appeared in the hall, there was already steaming meal porridge on the table, and the aroma of freshly baked bread filled the wide room.

Aud urged them to pitch in. Jokes flew back and forth.

Yes, there was a good spirit of mutual happiness at Bithl!

One took up the daily work joyfully, and every joyfully started task proceeds well.

The outside work was divided among the farm-hands, but in the house Aud and Asgerd watched over the tasks of the maids, the scrubbing and cleaning, baking bread and preparation of meal and food.

In summer the berries were picked and garden plants cared for - in winter the women spun and weaved.

Beautiful, colorful clothing emerged from under Aud's skilled hands. Amazed, the others saw how she pulled gold thread after gold thread through the red silk of a festival dress. Sometimes she would direct her words at the maids and have them tell her about their homeland, about parents and siblings.

They got along well, the maids and their mistress. Often Hrefna and Thorgerd and Vigdis spoke of how different it was at Bithl since Aud Vestelstochoer managed and administered there as wife.

FROM THE GISLASAGA

* * * * *

*Strength I expect from the man; he maintains the law's dignity,
But by grace alone does the woman rule.*

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 2, 1941



Apollo and Dionysos - Arno Breker

Child and Marriage

You are young and desire a child and marriage.
But I say to you: are you a man who should desire a child?
Are you a victor and self-overcomer,
the master of the senses, the ruler of your virtues?
So I ask you.
Or does the animal and lust speak from the desire?
Or loneliness? Or dissatisfaction with yourself?
I will that your victory and your freedom desire a child.
You should build a living monument in your victory and your
liberation.
You should build beyond yourself. But first, to me you must
yourself be built, square in body and soul.
You should procreate not only upward, but upward!
May the garden of marriage help you toward that.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

From: *Germanische Leihgabe*, volume 1, issue 2, 1941

Houston Stewart Chamberlain

Houston Stewart Chamberlain was born on September 9, 1855 in Southsea by Portsmouth in England. His youth was at first spent in Versailles. After changing stays in various countries, especially in Switzerland, he lived in Germany since 1885. In the year 1908 Chamberlain married Eva Wagner, the youngest daughter of Richard Wagner. In 1909 he moved to Bayreuth, where he lived until his death on January 9, 1927.

By education and profession Chamberlain was a natural scientist. As such he wrote his first fundamental works about the role of the human races in the course of history. With this work he also acquired an unprejudiced evaluation of German essence and its political mission in the world. The fact that this was the voice of an outsider, especially that of a reasonable Englishman from one of the prominent families of the island, increased the weight of his writings. With them Chamberlain rushed ahead of his time, and also remained in the Germany of the turn of the century misunderstood. Adolf Hitler wrote in 1924 in "Mein Kampf" that the official offices of the German government indifferently passed over the knowledge of one Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

That fact could no more shake Chamberlain than Germany's misfortune in the World War. Right to his death he remained convinced of the great mission of the Reich. In his opinion, only in the Reich could a really great, effective opponent against World Jewry emerge, and hence the salvation of the remaining folks be started.

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 2, issue 1; 1942

Land of Freedom

During the World War one of the few free Englishmen, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, wrote the following under the title *German World-View*:

It is most significant that a reasonable, completely English Englishman of liberal persuasion, who, however, had an immense, deeply founded knowledge - *John Stuart Mill* - stated around the middle of the 19th century:

"Only in Germany does one know what freedom of the spirit is!" I ask you to note well: "only in Germany!" That was an honest sage! He confirms what the best Germans have all known and said, but what many of us - seduced by political passion, misled and gone mentally colorblind - do not know, do not understand and do not want to admit: that Germany alone on earth is the refuge of genuine freedom... This freedom is brought to earth by certain men as a property of the soul. It can not be bestowed or taken away.

Man is free, one does not become free - unless one views as a "becoming" the development of the seed toward bloom, which is perhaps slowed or suppressed by external hindrances. No man can give freedom to another, but he can show him the path toward it.

Our honorable Klopstock gives the correct German definition of the concept when he says: "Whoever himself thinks, and seldom mimics, is a free man." An infallible sign of this German concept of inner, true freedom is the unconditional respect for the freedom of every other man. ...Goethe says: "I can only take joy in that man who knows what is useful to himself and to others, and who works to restrain his caprice."

That is the salient point! For if John Stuart Mill says that only in Germany does one understand what freedom of the spirit is, then we can add: that it becomes only in Germany does one view caprice as the opposite of freedom, and recognizes caprice as the destroyer of freedom.

Furthermore, it is highly significant that Goethe says: "works to constrain his caprice.... Those deserve to be called free who were given the tendency to fight against their own caprice: for all true freedom - of the individual as well as of the totality - rests on the rocky slope of self-control and self-direction. ...German freedom can not be bestowed, it lies as a trait in the soul and

must be won by inner struggle and inner maturing; it is a deed, an enduring bearing...It is a lived world-view. The differentiation of this German freedom is conspicuous, wherever one may look for comparison: The Frenchman, for example - since he has driven out his Huguenots and killed his Frankish-Germanic nobility - does not at all know what the concept of "freedom" means; rather he sees it simply as the limitlessness of the caprice of the individual, hence the exact opposite of true freedom. Whoever has travelled in France has found there, in all areas, spreading licentiousness.

Besides that; whoever wants equality - and that is the dominant passion of the French - can not want freedom; for equality is the forced rule of the leveling will of the dumb majority, is the ban of every differentiating, special being.

Much more interesting, however, is the comparison with the largely blood-related English, who still today (1914), amid the prevalent confusion, seem to most to be the good example of free men - and who also view themselves as such. A fine analysis belongs to the proof that the English stand far behind the Germans, and in reality only possess a deceptive appearance of political freedom. Like all sea-going folks - such as the inhabitants of the German coastal areas, too - the genuinely formed Englishmen possess in a large measure the characteristic of self-confidence; it is a "standing-on-one's-own-feet" and self-sufficiency. It goes back, in the final analysis, to the custom of the daily struggle against the destructive elements. So are bravery, alertness and perseverance bred. Only a fool can deny that this folk has had, has, and will continue to have splendid men - for the given circumstances will constantly develop them.

A Scottish poet of the 14th century sang: "Freedom is to be praised more highly than all the gold on earth". So one sees that the most noble concept of freedom could have been produced from such natural tendencies. But history directed things differently. While Germany experienced the most difficult school of tests ever to face a folk, and had more than ample opportunity to thoroughly learn how to "limit caprice", England, surrounded by the protective seas, experienced just the opposite: as soon as it became internally calm, the whole world stood open for plunder and suppression. The guiding principle was from then on: the English as a free folk, all other folks god-given booty - be it for today, be it for tomorrow. From that moment on England's politics was essentially plunder. But we have seen that - according to the German world-view - freedom also preconditions the respect

of the freedom of others; already from this consideration is demonstrated that such a robber-folk can not really be free.

Its much praised parliamentary government has always served the rule of a minority; parliament has never been allowed to direct foreign affairs, nor does it have a decisive voice in regards to declarations of war or peace treaties; a very small clique of more or less dark gentlemen today rules despotically, men who stand closely dependent with the money-powers and the thoroughly rotten, criminal press.

As incomplete as things may be in the German state (of 1914), it stands mountains high over the English in regard to human respect, human dignity, and human freedom. From the beginning, the Englishman understood by freedom the lack of duties toward the state, nothing more. Already in the heyday of the great English revolution that main work "supreme rule of the people's assemblies" (Lilburne, 1643) declared that forced military service should never be introduced, because it would suspend freedom. Any moral connection between the individual and the totality is hence lacking. On that basis neither the individual nor the folk achieves true freedom. That is also why the English gladly allow their battles to be fought by foreigners - in Europe usually by Germans, in Asia by Indians; the Englishman was indifferent to everything as long as he could bring his immeasurable treasures back behind the wall of waves around his island in safety. The history of the expansion of the English empire is probably the most immoral one known in world history. The most repulsive thing is the obligation for hypocrisy, which has been elevated to a law of life. For as the waves protect its gold bars, so has the will to plunder of this state barricaded itself behind an ocean of lies, until even the most honest people no longer know what the truth is.

What we experience in this war (1914) with amazement and shock - the campaign of lies against Germany - is only the last poisoned fruit of centuries of practice. For everything we have heard and hear about Ireland, India, Africa, China and Egypt - everything is a lie. When the entire state existence rests on lies, where should freedom - be it of the individual, be it of the folk - come from? The individual Englishman is still to a high degree truth-loving, noble, kind - but nonetheless obligated to the lie. He is hence a servant deprived of all genuine freedom of the spirit, who must always remain with the commanded line in all public matters of religion and state.

How great is the German freedom in comparison! As has al-

ready been often noted, one can sum it up it as *freedom, as being true. Freedom is truthfulness. Whoever truly, that means completely according to his essence, is totally in harmony with his nature, he is free.*

From: *Germanische Zeitschrift*, volume 2, issue 1, 1941

German thought does not erect unrealistic theories and hope for miracles, rather it values the man according to his importance to the community.

It measures the life of the individual against the life of the entirety of the folk.

It measures the present with the measure of the future present.

So does the value of the individual become small before the greatness of the community.

So does the value of personality become great in regard to its exemplary effect on the community.

KURT ROGER

From: *Germanische Zeitschrift*, volume 1, issue 2, 1941

The Easier Path

There was a unit of SS men in a small town in Schleswig-Holstein. These men had been toughened by many fights. They and their wives and children lived consciously in accordance with the order's laws, which had been given to them by the Reichsführer-SS. One day a young man by the name of Kretzschmer came to them and asked to enlist in the unit. But whoever wishes to enlist in the SS must first be checked out to see if his personality is suitable for the requirements of the order. Kretzschmer admitted that a legal case was in process against him. But he was firmly convinced of an acquittal. There upon the SS unit leader Brodersen postponed the request until the court's decision.

After a few weeks Kretzschmer reported again. He presented the court's decision - a clear acquittal. At the same time, however, SS man Petersen, who lived in the same area as Kretzschmer, appeared in front of the unit leader and said: "Unit leader, we must reject this man; in my eyes he is a coward." This accusation was severe and the unit leader Brodersen turned abruptly toward Petersen and said sharply: "His honor has again been established, the court has decided and acquitted him. How do you want to justify your severe judgement?" Petersen saw that the unit leader, who was well-known for his especially just nature, was angry about his objection. But his bearing was firm and his gaze was free as he replied: "According to the laws of the state, Kretzschmer has been acquitted; but according to the unwritten law of the SS, I must find him guilty."

Then Petersen reported what he had found out about Kretzschmer just a few hours earlier:

"You know that a few months ago this dangerous fellow Josef Mamzak moved to Neumünster - of whom one was never clear whether he belonged to the Reds or to the reactionaries. Even if we are here half a day's journey away from Neumünster, we have all nonetheless heard of the attack by this Mamzak against Gertrud Jensen. According to the evidence of the court, Kretzschmer was not 50 meters away from the scene of the crime. That is why the prosecutor presumed that Kretzschmer had participated in the attack. Meanwhile, Kretzschmer could prove his innocence in this regard, and that is why the court acquitted him. For the state and the general public, that was the end of the matter, but not for us SS men! For, as a decent fellow, Kretzschmer must have helped the girl. He did not do that. Therefore, he is a

coward."

Unit leader Brodersen's rule was, calmly and under all circumstances, to first hear the accused before judging. Hence he now had Kretzschmer called in. He had to admit that he had been drinking with the crude Mamzak and telling despicable stories about women. After leaving he immediately separated from him. Indeed he later heard the girl scream, but because Mamzak was known as a violent man with a knife, he did not feel equal to him. Therefore, he had gone his own way.

The unit leader remained outwardly calm. His answer was cool and dismissing: "Kretzschmer, fate put you in front of a decision in that hour: to walk the difficult path without concern for the danger to yourself and to stand by the girl, or to choose the easier path and protect your own bones. Recently at the Reich leadership conference, the Reichsführer told us again that the SS man must always decide for the more difficult path. You could not do that, therefore we reject you."

* * * * *

Our Reichsführer 1935:

"One does not only sin against loyalty and honor when one, through inaction, allows the honor of oneself or of the SS to be harmed, rather above all if one does not respect the honor of others, or mocks things that are holy to others, or does not, manly and decently, stand up for the absent, the weak and the defenseless."

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 1, issue 3, 1941

The Knights of the German House

The Teutonic Knights not only won the land along the lower course of the Vistula river, including East Prussia; they also added the Baltic provinces in the northeast, Pomerania and the new province in the west to their possessions.

These knights initially secured their territory militarily. But the men who knew how to wield the sword were also capable administrators and above all experts in agriculture. They knew that the plough must follow the sword if their state-territory was to be won and preserved for Germandom.

That East Prussia could remain German through the centuries even under the most difficult conditions, that it alone during the dictatorial Treaty of Versailles surrendered nothing of its ethnicity, can be thanked to the colonizing activities of those peasants who established their farmsteads under the protection of the Teutonic Knights.

170 years after the first opening of the German eastern provinces, the order's land already housed 750,000 people. That was, measured against the transportation and economic preconditions of that time, an unprecedented accomplishment.

During the founding and development of the new villages, the order made use of enterprising men who led the peasants, along with their families, from Reich territory.

For their efforts, these men received large land grants as well as the position of village mayor, which was inherited by their descendants.

Often they also received so-called useful privileges, such as the license to sell intoxicants or the village mill.

The peasants obtained farms of two Flemish "hufen", which means 30 to 35 hectares. A village normally consisted of ten such units. Each of them possessed an owner; they were hereditary according to German law.

In the beginning the farms were tax-free. Their owners were not required to pay money or natural produce to the order. The peasants were obligated to military service in the militia and had to contribute to the construction and maintenance of fortifications. The responsibility for the punctual accomplishment of delivery after expiration of the free years, for the performance of public services, and for the professional preparation and care of

the fields, rested with the village mayor.

As simple as the regulation of the administrative relationships basically were, so unprecedented were the obstacles which the German peasant up there - without the helpful means of the present, far from the motherland and on his own - had to overcome. Not only did he have to clear forests, dry swamps and de-acidify meadows, but also beyond that become master over the insecurity of the strange land, and over the mistrust and hostility of its inhabitants.

If nonetheless the economic and folkish consolidation of this area proceeded so rapidly, and if at a peak time five villages were founded and occupied by peasants in ten days, then that is testimony to the enterprising spirit of the peasants of all German tribes as well as to the organizational and military accomplishment of the Order of the Teutonic Knights.

From: *Germanische Leithafer*, volume 2, issue 3/4, 1942

The Eternal Heart

The path back - that is what we called the path of the mothers and fathers, the parents, who had lost a son, often their only one; the path that is supposed to lead them out of desperation and loneliness back to life. Frau Marianne Hardtz from Sættin describes a meeting with a front-line soldier who reports such a mother's return:

It was in the train. Among the travelers sits a young soldier. His hair has turned gray. He has scarred wounds on his face and lines which only come from great shock. He was traveling on leave, for six weeks, as he said, and since one asked him how such a lengthy leave was possible, he gradually got to talking.

The badly wounded fellow had come from Stalingrad - where he had participated in the difficult battle almost to the very end - by plane to the homeland and a hospital in Vienna. A reception which even moved as hardened men to tears. Incredible love, care, flowers, sympathy. In the next bed is my friend and comrade. At his side, silent and heroic, sits his mother, who sees her only child starting along the path into that wide, unknown land. Across from me is comrade H., who had lost an arm and both feet.

He is alone. Never does one see relatives at his bedside. Troubled and with silent sympathy, his eyes rest on the face of the mother. She feels it, and an invisible band of understanding wraps around her heart.

"Who is this young man?" she suddenly asks me.

"An impeccable man and comrade", I answer.

"Alone?"

"Unfortunately, yes, and poor."

She becomes silent. I ponder what these questions - at this hour - probably mean. I know that she owns a large farm, that her husband is dead, and that there, next to her, the son, the heir, the name-carrier, is about to depart on his final journey. His life ebbs away more and more. She holds his hand, which becomes heavier and heavier. And one feels that her heart's blood recedes, that she feels her life fade with that of her son, who was the content of her life and her first and final fulfillment. Quietly she still holds the hand when it is already cold; we lie silently and do not dare to breathe.

Then she rises and steps to our comrade, who watches her with wide eyes. They reach out their hands. She feels what the warm

pressure is supposed to mean: his inner sympathy.

"Now I have a request to make of you, my dear fellow. You were the friend of my son; may I take you to be my son? Everything will belong to you, everything..." It is like a sob.

Awkwardly, he tries to kiss her hand. And to stammer his thanks. "That", so ends the soldier's report, "is what I experienced, and I know for what I return to the front when my leave comes to an end."

He had seen Germany's eternal heart: the German mother. He saw her overcome death in her greatest moment.

From: *SS Letztgeft*, May 1944



Last Flight - Josef Thorak

Upper Silesia

Battle for the Annaberg
May 21, 1921

Threatened on two sides by Poles and Czechs, Silesia extended far into the east after the World War.

It is a purely German land; its fields yield plentiful produce, its zinc and coal mines belong to Europe's largest.

A Silesia in German hands would hamper Polish attacks against East and West Prussia as well as attacks against Saxony by the then Allied-controlled Czechs.

This German wedge was by its very position already of decisive importance for the defense of a line running from Stettin to Berlin, Leipzig and Munich.

Naturally, the Poles and Czechs were aware of this strategic importance of Silesia.

And so, at the time of Germany's greatest exhaustion after the World War - and under the protection of the Allied troops stationed there - parts of Silesia were torn away by the Czechs and Poles even before the plebiscite. Even the Prussian province of Posen - by virtue of its position and great widening a fortification of the German wedge into the Slavic flood - was stolen from the Reich and given to Poland without a plebiscite.

The enemies had been disappointed by the result of the plebiscite in the border areas of eastern Upper Silesia. Despite the worst terror before the plebiscite, by far the greatest portion of the populace decided for Germany.

The young and old soldiers, who had returned from the World War, were just starting to establish a new life foundation as peasants, in the factories or in the universities.

Right into the middle of this peaceful work came the news that the Polish leader Korfanty - for the third time, but this time with the support of his government and of the Polish army - had undertaken an attack against - still German - Silesia. His intention was to conquer all of Silesia for Poland, which back then - without any military protection - appeared to be helpless against the Polish lust for robbery.

That would have been the moment for a so-called German Reich government to call to arms. But the red and reactionary rulers in Berlin clicked their heels in front of the frown of the

French ambassador. Without action they at first let things run their course.

"Upper Silesia, yes, all of Silesia is in danger!" rang out as a cry through the German lands, despite the silence of the red-reactionary press.

Many of us had not yet seen this magnificent land.

The economic and strategic importance of this German arm reaching into the east, was, however, already instinctually clear to us. The great riches of the land and its economic role, on the other hand, were less decisive for us young soldiers.

It was a matter of honor.

So volunteers from all parts of Germany flowed in, especially from Bavaria, Hamburg and Silesia itself.

Meanwhile, however, the pressure from the Allies on the government in Berlin had increased so much that it tried to prevent the formation of volunteer units.

Only with the greatest difficulties and use of every trick were the units and individuals able to reach the contested area.

Their equipment was extremely deficient. Above all, heavy infantry weapons and artillery were almost totally lacking. Old, experienced soldiers from the World War had young, hardly trained volunteers next to them.

But all were possessed with the one will - far more than merely the defense, to annihilate the enemy who had already penetrated so deeply into German land.

Against the strict instructions of the overly fearful Berlin system government, the volunteer battalions marched into their staging positions during the night of May 20 to May 21.

The Annaberg was taken in heavy fighting. From it the men saw far into the land, in the south toward Cosel on the Oder river and in the east toward the extensive upper Silesian industrial area.

The dominant height was in German hands, the old landmark of all of Silesia!

The effect on the Poles was crushing. The period of Polish raids against Reich territory came to an end.

Over all of Germany - which in the previous years had experienced degradation after degradation -, however, the first sweet ray of sunlight shined through the dark pall of clouds.

From: *Germanische Leihäfte*, volume 2, issue 3/4, 1943

Yrjö von Grönhagen:

Finnish Loyalty

It is no coincidence that one attributes to Nordic men loyalty as his special characteristic. Just like simple, serious nature, so are its men: simple, clear, deed-oriented, through hard fate a little hard and deliberate, but nonetheless at the same time full of humor, and above all: loyal. Solid and unerring-fateful is the loyalty to a great man and to the homeland.

A personal experience should show how deeply the tradition and the spirit of the fathers is rooted in the Finnish peasants.

Our clan owned property in a fertile, lovely area in southern Finland. In the year 1888 my grandfather, as the last of us, was buried by the medieval church of the village. How much has happened between that time to the present! Heavy fighting for the homeland, the winter war in the winter of 1939/1940 - and then the reconstruction and the blossoming of a new country become independent. So it came to pass that I could hardly remember anymore the time and the world of my grandfather.

1942, during military service, my regiment was stationed not far from the ancestral holding of my forefathers. So one free afternoon I suddenly made the decision to go over there. Two comrades wanted to accompany me. Perhaps there were still peasants alive who knew my grandfather? I especially thought about the old Saari, of whom my father had written me. His clan had served for many generations on our holdings. At the entrance to the village we saw an old man sitting on the bridge, smoking a pipe and thoughtfully looking off into the distance. He was already 80 years old, if not more, but he was as solid as a tree which had struck its roots so far into the ground that no storm could fall it. I went to him and asked if a peasant by the name of Saari was still alive, and if yes, where one could meet him. His deeply set eyes under the white eyebrows cast a mustering gaze at me. His face became hard in front of these strangers, and he looked through all three of us with distrust. "What then do you want of him?"

"We only want to visit and speak with him."

"What about?" growled the hard voice.

"Well, if you absolutely must know! My name is Grönhagen and I wish to know if there are still peasants here who knew my grandfather."

As if a dark curtain fell from his face, he smiled, yes beamed with joy.

"Dear God", the words swiftly fell from his mouth, "I, I am Saari - and you - you are of the Grönhagen! That I should still experience such a thing! We thought that you had all died, because none of you came here. How pleased my wife will be! Come, come!" He took us home, almost jumping with joy. His wife also broke out in tears of joy; the longer she looked at me, the more plentiful they flowed.

We had to sit down and speak with the old man while the wife set the places in the "gentlemen's room". To my surprise, I only saw three places set at the table - for my comrades and myself. "And you? Won't you also eat?"

"Oh, no. We will only watch and enjoy ourselves if it tastes good to you."

We did not wait to be asked again, rather we ate with good appetite. The old people sat next to each other, rocked back and forth, and happily watched us.

The news of our arrival spread like wildfire through the village, thanks to the old woman. It did not take long before a good dozen old peasants came, who had known my grandfather. The hard hands of old peasants stretched toward me with welcome, and clear tears of joy ran down the faces of the honest, warm-hearted old people. Each had brought along some keepsake of remembrance of my ancestors - also carefully preserved photographs, and pictures from newspapers and magazines, in which they saw with pride one of "their" Grönhagens.

The old people sat around me. Despite my requests, I could not persuade them to take a place at the same table. According to old custom they offered me food and drink, the best that they had. The meal was like a feast. Everything was available to me, because the same blood flowed in me as in the man whom they had loved and respected in their youth.

"And now, young man, we will go to the grave of your grandfather."

In front of me was not the grave of a forgotten man. The granite stone was as smooth as new, and bright flowers grew around it. I could not hide how moved I was.

"But, Saari, who has cared for the grave?"

The old man looked at me, and one saw that he did not understand the question. "Who cared for it? We, my wife and I, naturally. My wife washes and polishes the stone every spring, and every Sunday we bring new flowers."

My grandfather had died in the year 1888. Since the beginning of the century no one from this family had been able to care for the grave. Thirty years had passed, I was ashamed.

Should I thank him? Saari would not have understood it. His deed seemed so self-evident to him that it was pointless to discuss it. I simply gave my hand in alliance to the old man, to him and to his wife, and promised to return.

A few years later the loyal servant went home to that great army. Next to the grave of my grandfather stands a simple stone with the inscription:

Velkko Saari.

* * * * *

The New Europe

"The condition of Europe in the next century will again breed the manly virtues: because one will live in constant danger. The 'universal military duty' is already today the peculiar antidote against the effeminacy of the democratic ideas: growing out of the struggle of the nations."

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE 1844-1900

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 2, issue 2, 1942

Finland 1918/1919

High up in the farthest northeast of the then smaller Europe, the small folk of the Finns, who until then was under the Russian yoke, revolted in 1917 after the outbreak of Bolshevism in Russia.

It thereby clearly affirmed Europe and became its most northeastern bastion against Asia.

In 1918 the already won freedom was, especially on the Finnish southwestern coast, threatened by powerful bolshevik invasions.

During this period the German folk, suffering from an international-jewish hunger-blockade, was fighting very heavy battles in the west, east and south of Europe as well as in the Near East and Africa.

Germany could not watch the Finnish folk, bravely affirming Europe, again being delivered into renewed slavery.

Germany could not allow the Bolsheviks, already repulsed from the southeastern Baltic Sea, to now gain a hold on the northern Baltic Sea.

Furthermore, an advance of the Soviets into northern Finland would have put a link with England via northern Sweden and northern Norway - for future times and other political circumstances - into the sphere of the possible.

What that means has been thoroughly learned by the Waffen-SS men stationed in the far north.

In defiance of all the tricks of the contemporary German Marxist party and government offices, the Supreme German Army Command decided to help Finland.

General Ludendorff summarized the reasons for this - for Europe's future so decisive - decision with the following words: "I have made all of my decisions with my head; the decision to help Finland I have made with my head and with my heart!"

From: *Germanische Leithefte*, volume 2, issue 3/4, 1942

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